Life At Disconnect

Propagandhi

Had they been the ones dying under the cooking sun, picking through the dust, scratching at the barren earth, had it been THEIR insides spilling into the sand, they'd see on cracking land their spirit cannot triumph. Take a breath. Sit back and relax. Enjoy your moment of peace. You'll soon be back in the middle. Prepare for this one to make you flinch in disbelief. When you catch a glimpse of those just following the paths that got us to where we are. Who are these human shadows with still-beating hearts? Why do corpses litter the road? Scratching at the door to our paradise. Who are these humans? So this is paradise. Beyond the distant hands of the world. Here we all think we don't belong but still bow our heads to our Emperors. Is this all there is? Maybe we really have nothing to say. Maybe we truly are just shallow and lame and we're all just waiting for the end, the spectacle, or some kind of catastrophe to bring us back to earth to stun our ever nodding heads. To introduce us once again to the one incorruptible as she flushes us from her veins. Kills us to live again. In case you wonder - I'm not trying to be cynical. I know how you feel - If your life's disconnect. In case you wonder - "What the fuck's wrong with me?" If it all makes sense you're the furthest fucking gone. They've got badges that they cover with their hands while they're bashing your fucking head. They've got graveyards that they'll fill with that head if you start getting anywhere. I won't pretend that we're on the winning end. But when did that matter before anyway? That never mattered before anyway.

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